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When You and I were young, Maggie
Within a mile o' Edinborough Town
When you gang awa', Jamie
Way down upon the Swanee River
Ye Banks and Braes

The two most popular pieces of music we have are American Patrol and
Loves Golden Star. Price Ten Cents Each.

ANNIE LAURIE.

ANONYMOUS.
Andante moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

1. Max-well-ton braes are bon-nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And it's
2. Mer brow is . . . like the snaw-drift, Her neck is like the swan, Her
3. Like dew on the gow-an ly - ing, Is the fa' o'er her fai - ry feet; And like

The vocal melody for the first system is written on a single staff. It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests, corresponding to the lyrics.

there that An - nie Lau-rie, Gie'd me her prom - ise true, Gie'd me her prom - ise
face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on— That e'er the sun shone
winds in summer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet— Her voice is low and

The vocal melody for the second system continues the previous line, with similar rhythmic patterns and melodic contours.

true, Which ne'er for-got will be; And for bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doon and
on, And dark blue is her e'e: And for bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doon and
sweet. And she's a' the world to me; And for bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doon and

cres. *sf* *p* *pp ad lib.*

The piano accompaniment for the third system features a more active role, with the right hand playing a melody and the left hand providing a steady harmonic base. Dynamics include crescendo, sforzando, piano, and pianissimo ad libitum.

dee.

The piano accompaniment for the fourth system continues with a similar texture, featuring a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The system ends with a final chord.

Robert Burns.

AULD LANG SYNE.

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
 2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We've wander'd mony a
 3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn, Frae moruin' sun till dune, But seas be-tween us
 4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll tak' a cup o'

he for-got, And days of auld lang syne? }
 wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne. } For auld lang syne, my dear, For
 braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
 kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Words by Robert Burns.

Lively.

1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod-y
 2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y
 3. Among the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my-sel'; But what's his name, or

CHORUS.

kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry? }
 greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown? } Ev-'ry las-sie has her lad-die,
 where's his name, I din-na choose to tell.

Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When com-in' thro' the rye.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

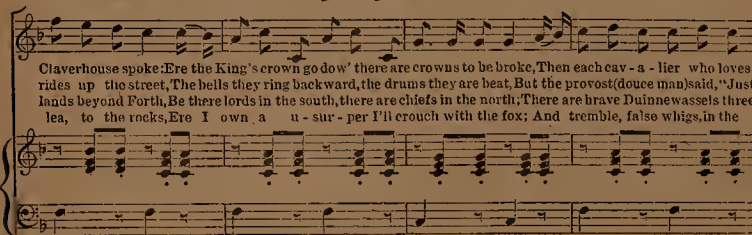
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Allegretto.

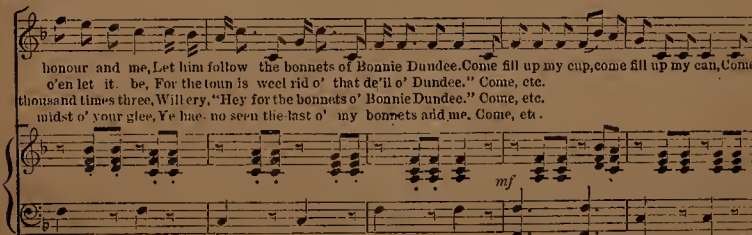


1. To the Lords of Con-ven-tion 'twas
2. Dun - dee he is mounted, he
3. There are hills beyond Pensland, and
4. Then a - wa' to the hills, to the

PIANO. *mf* *p*

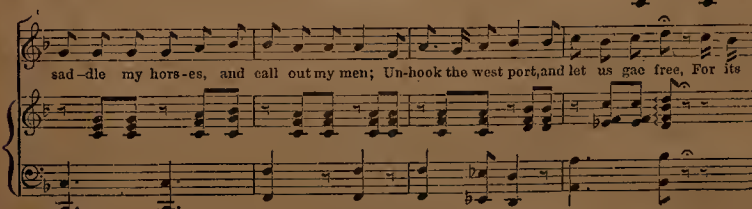


Claverhouse spoke: Ere the King's crown go dow' there are crowns to be broke, Then each cav - a - lier who loves
rides up the street, The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat, But the provost (douce man) said, "Just
lands beyond Forth, Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north; There are brave Duinnewassels three
lea, to the rocks, Ere I own a u - sur - per I'll crouch with the fox; And tremble, false whigs, in the

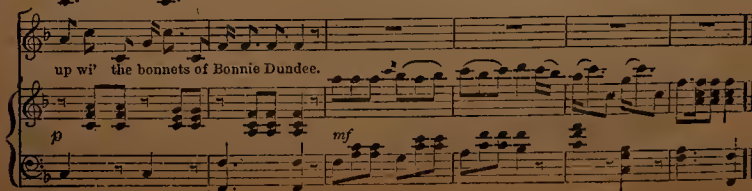


honour and me, Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee. Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come
o'en let it be, For the town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee." Come, etc.
thousand times three, Will cry, "Hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee." Come, etc.
midst o' your glee, Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets and me. Come, etc.

mf



sad - dle my hors - es, and call out my men; Un-hook the west port, and let us gae free, For its



up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

p *mf*

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

ANONYMOUS.
Andante moderato.

PIANO.
dolce.

1. Oh! where, tell me where is your High-land lad - die gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your
 2. Oh! where, tell me where did your High-land lad - die dwell? Oh! where, tell me where did your
 3. Oh! what, tell me what does your High-land lad - die wear? Oh! what, tell me what does your
 4. Oh! what, tell me what if your High-land lad be slain? Oh! what, tell me what if your

p

High-land lad - die gone? He's gone with streaming banners where no - ble deeds are done, And it's
 High-land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in bon-nie Scotland, where blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's
 High-land lad - die wear? A bon-net with a lof-ty plume, and on his breasta plaid, And it's
 High-land lad be slain? Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe a-gain, For it's

cres.

oh, in my heart I wish him safe at home, He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done, And it's
 oh! in my heart I lo'e my laddie well, He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, where blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's
 oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad, A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid, And it's
 oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain, Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again, For it's

p *cres.*

oh, in my heart I wish him safe at home.
 oh! in my heart I lo'e my lad-die well.
 oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad.
 oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain.

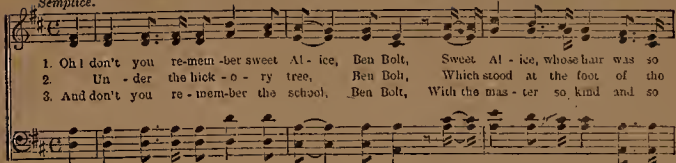
mf *dim.* *p dolce.*

BEN BOLT.

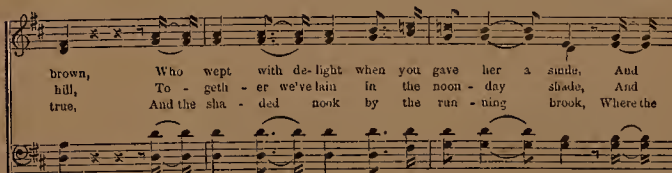
Words by Thomas Dunn English, '39.

Music by Nelson Kneass.

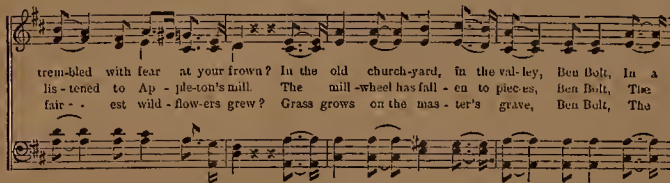
Semplice.



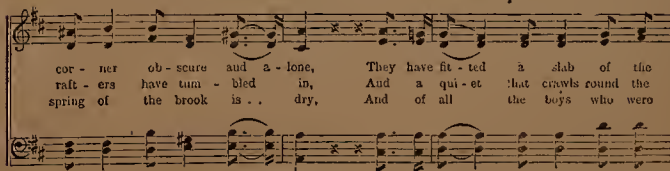
1. Oh I don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice, whose hair was so
2. Un-der the hick-o-ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the
3. And don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, With the mas-ter so kind and so



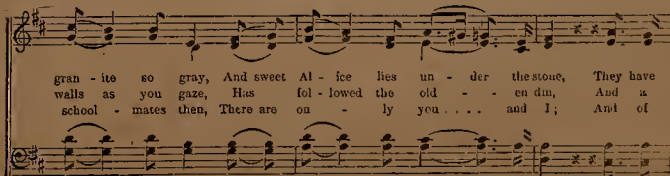
brown, Who wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And
hill, To-geth-er we've lain in the noon-day shade, And
true, And the sha-ded nook by the run-ning brook, Where the



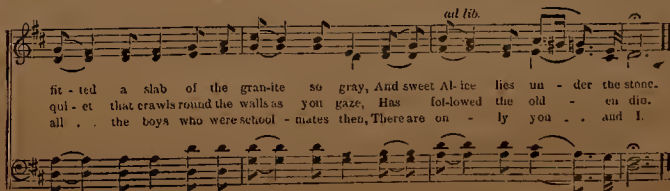
trembled with fear at your frown? In the old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a
lis-tened to Ap-ple-ton's mill. The mill-wheel has fall-en to pieces, Ben Bolt, The
fair-est wild-flow-ers grew? Grass grows on the mas-ter's grave, Ben Bolt, The



cor-ner ob-scure and a-lone, They have fit-ted a slab of the
raft-ers have tum-bled in, And a qui-et that crawls round the
spring of the brook is . . . dry, And of all the boys who were



gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un-der the stone, They have
walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old-en-din, And a
school-mates then, There are on-ly you . . . and I; And of

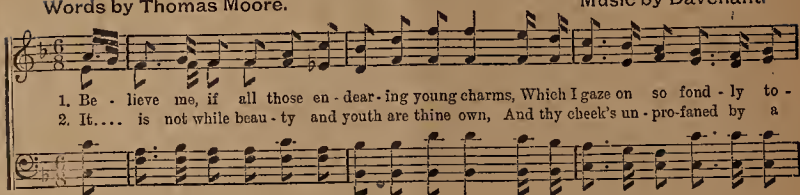


ad lib.
fit-ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un-der the stone.
qui-et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old-en-din.
all . . . the boys who were school-mates then, There are on-ly you . . . and I.

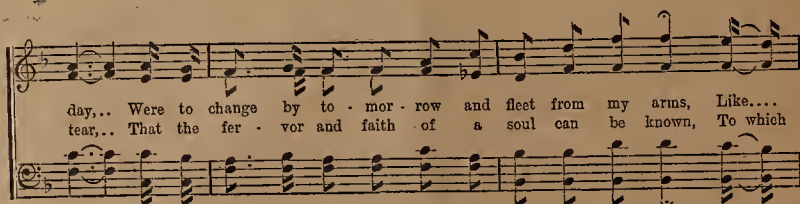
BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Words by Thomas Moore.

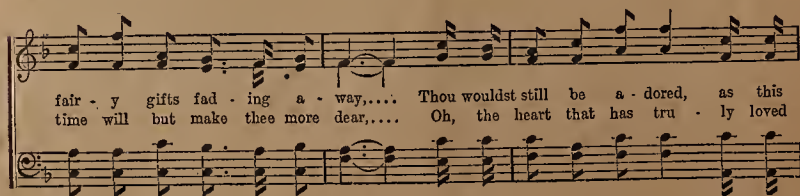
Music by Davenant.



1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -
2. It... is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheek's un - pro-faned by a



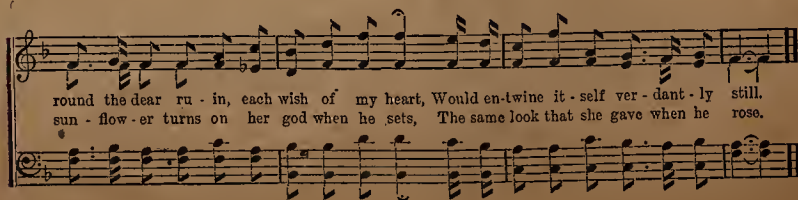
day... Were to change by to - mor - row and fleet from my arms, Like...
tear... That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which



fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way,... Thou wouldst still be a - dored, as this
time will but make thee more dear,... Oh, the heart that has tru - ly loved



mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will,... And a -
nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close... As the

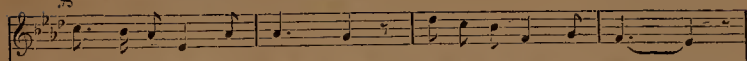


round the dear ru - in, each wish of my heart, Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.
sun - flow - er turns on her god when he sets, The same look that she gave when he rose.

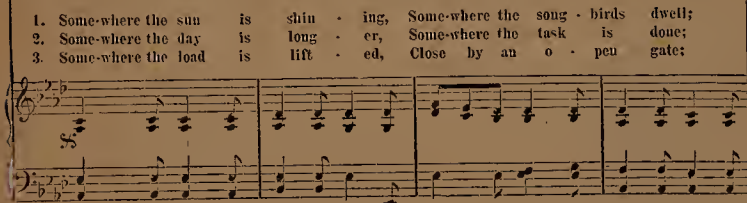

Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

WORDS BY
Mrs. JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

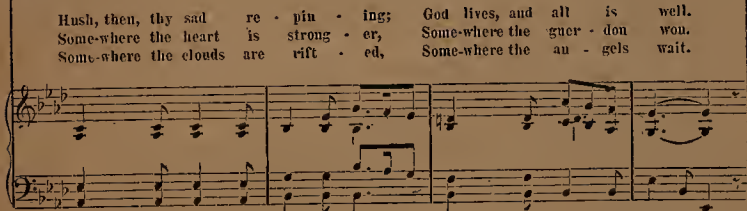
MUSIC BY
J. S. FEARIS.



1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song - birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is long - er, Some-where the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;


Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing; God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is strong - er, Some-where the guer - don won.
Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the au - gels wait.



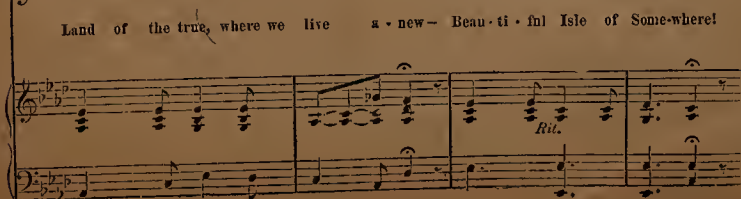
REFRAIN.



Some - where, Some - where, Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some - where!

Land of the true, where we live a - new - Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some-where!



THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

TRADITIONAL.
Allegro.

PIANO. *f*

1. The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The
2. The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The
3. The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The

Campbells are com-in' To bon-nie Lock-le - ven; The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho. Up -
Campbells are com-in' To bon-nie Lock-le - ven; The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho. Great
Campbells are com-in' To bon-nie Lock-le - ven; The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho. The

on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, I look-ed down to
Ar - gyle, he goes be - fore, He makes the cannons and guns to roar; Wi' sound o' trumpet,
campbells they are a' in arms, Their loy - al faith and truth to show; Wi' ban-ners rat - tlin'

bonnie Lochleven, and saw three bon - nie pip - ers play.
pipe, and drum, The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho.
in the wind, The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho.

Moderato.

COME BACK TO ERIN.

(CLARIBEL).

mp

1. Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back, A - roon, to the
2. O - ver the green sea, Ma-vour-neen, Long shone the white sail that
3. Oh, may the an - gels o' wak - in' and sleep - in' Watch o'er my bird in the

mp

land of thy birth... Come with the sham - rocks and spring-time, Ma - vour - neen,
bore thee a - way.... Rid - ing the white waves that fair sum - mer morn - in',
land far a - way.... And it's my pray'rs will con - sign to their keep - in',

And it's Kil-lar - ney shall ring with our mirth. Sure, when we lent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng-land,
Just like a May-dew's a - float on the bay, Oh, but my heart sauk when clouds came between us,
Care of my jew - el by night and by day. When by the fire-side I watch the bright em-bers,

Lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter dāys, Lit - tle we thought of the
Like a gray - eur - tain, the rain fall - ing down, Hid from my sad eyes the
Then all my heart flies to Eng - land and thee, Crav - in' to know if my

hash of the star - shine O - ver the moun - tain, the bluffs and the brays! Then
path o'er the o - cean, Far, far a - way, where my Col - leen had flown. Then
dar lin' re - men - bers, Or if her thoughts may be cross - in' to me. Then

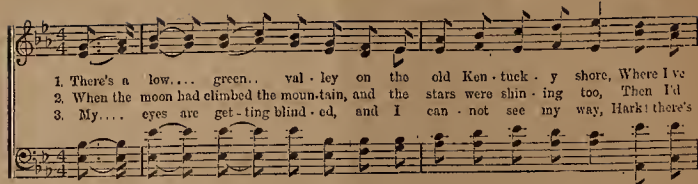
come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Mavournneen, Come back a - gain to the land of thy birth,

cres. *molto cresc.*

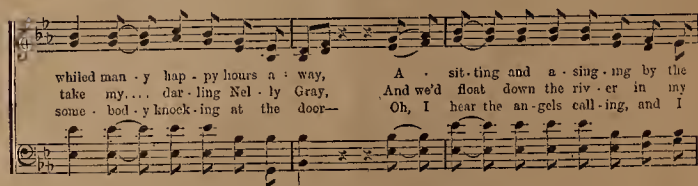
Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, And its Kil-lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.

DARLING NELLY GRAY.

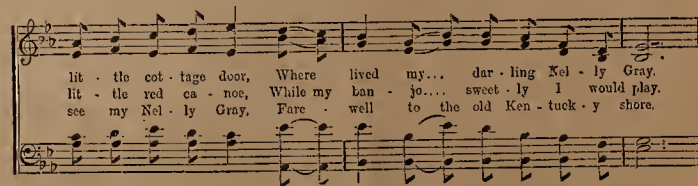
Words and music by B. R. Hanby.



1. There's a low... green... val-ley on the old Ken-tuck-y shore, Where I've
 2. When the moon had climbed the moun-tain, and the stars were shin-ing too, Then I'd
 3. My... eyes are get-ting blind-ed, and I can-not see my way, Hark! there's

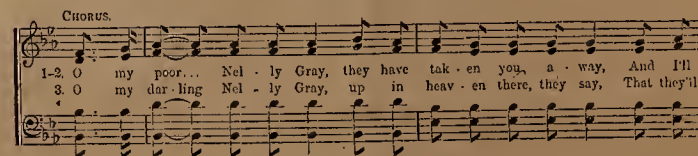


whiled man-y hap-py hours a-way, A-sit-ting and a-sing-ing by the
 take my... dar-ling Nel-ly Gray, And we'd float down the riv-er in my
 some-bod-y knock-ing at the door-- Oh, I hear the an-gels call-ing, and I

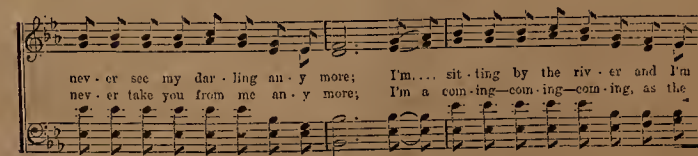


lit-the cot-tage door, Where lived my... dar-ling Nel-ly Gray,
 lit-the red ca-noe, While my lan-jo... sweet-ly I would play,
 see my Nel-ly Gray, Fare-well to the old Ken-tuck-y shore.

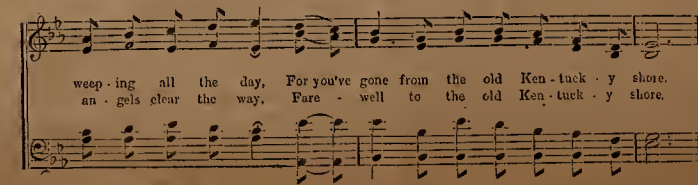
CHORUS.



1-2. O my poor... Nel-ly Gray, they have tak-en you, a-way, And I'll
 3. O my dar-ling Nel-ly Gray, up in heav-en there, they say, That they'll



nev-er see my dar-ling an-y more; I'm... sit-ting by the riv-er and I'm
 nev-er take you from me an-y more; I'm a com-ing-com-ing-com-ing, as the




weep-ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken-tuck-y shore.
 an-gels clear the way, Fare-well to the old Ken-tuck-y shore.


DIXIE'S LAND.

Dan. Emmet.

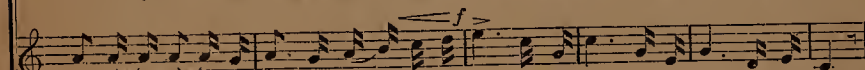
p Allegro.



1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten,
 2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry "Will-de-wea-ber," Will-ium was a gay de-ceab-er;
 3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea-ber, But dat did not seem to greab'er;




Look a-way, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in,
 Look a-way, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. But when he put his arm a-round'er, He
 Look a-way, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Old Mis-sus act-ed the fool-ish part, And




Ear-ly on one fros-ty morn-in, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
 smiled as fierce as a for-ty pounder, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
 died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.


CHORUS



Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land, I'll



took my stand To lib and die in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-



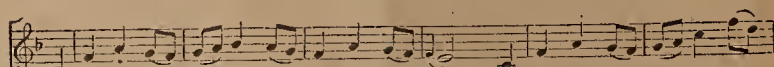
way down south in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

4 Now here's a healtb to the next old Missus,
 And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
 Look away! etc.,
 But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
 Come and bear dis song to-morrow,
 Look away! etc.,

5 Dar's back-wheat cakes au' Ingen' batter,
 Makes you fat or a little fatter;
 Look away! etc.,
 Den boe it down an scratch your grabble,
 To Dixie's land I'm bound to grabble,
 Look away! etc.,

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

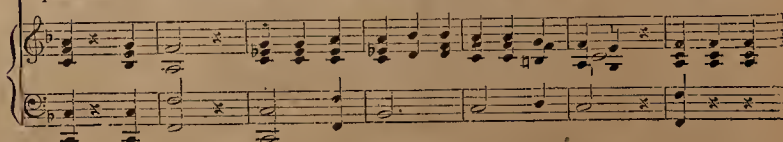
BURNS.
Andante.



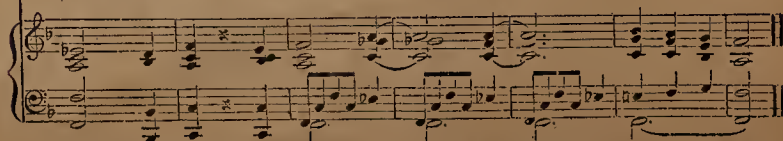
1. Flow gently, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes, Flow gently, I'll sing thee a
2. Thou stock-dove, whose ech-o re-sounds through the glen, Ye wild whist-ling blackbirds in
3. How lof-ty, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bour-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of
4. How pleasant thy banks and green val-leys be-low, Where wild in the woodlands the



- song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gently, sweet
you thorny den, Thou green-crest-ed lap-wing, thy screaming for-bear, I charge you dis-
clear-wind-ing rills! There dai-ly I wan-der as morn-ris-es high, My flocks and my
prim-ros-es blow! There oft as mild evening creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed



Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.
turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.
Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye.
birkshades my Ma-ry and me.



- 5 Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave
As gath'ring sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.
- 6 Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays.
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Gently, Lord, O, Gently Lead Us.

by W. T. PORTER.

Andante Largo.

Gent - ly, Lord, O, gent - ly lead us Through this vale of tears;
In the hour of pain and an - guish, When death draws near,

Thro' the chan - ges thou'st de - creed us, Till the last great change ap - pears.
Suf - fer not our hearts to lan - guish, - Nor our souls to fear.

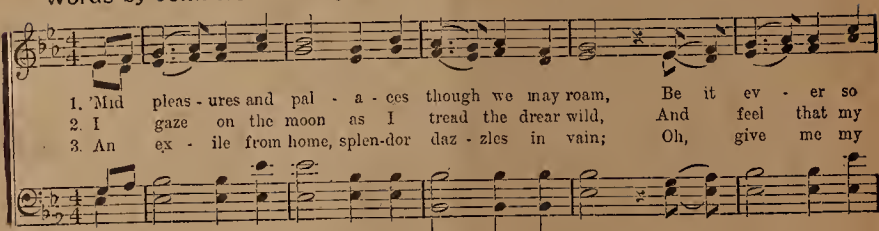
When tempta - tions' darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,
Then, when mor - tal life is end - ed, Let us be a - mong the blest,

Let thy goodness nev - er fail us, Show us thy way.
And by an - gel bands at - tend - ed, There we shall rest.

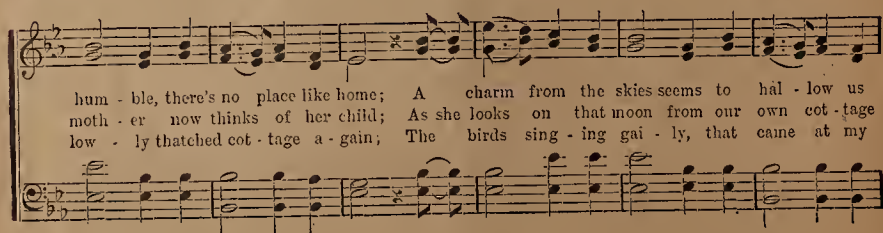
HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by John Howard Payne.

Music by Sir Henry Bishop.

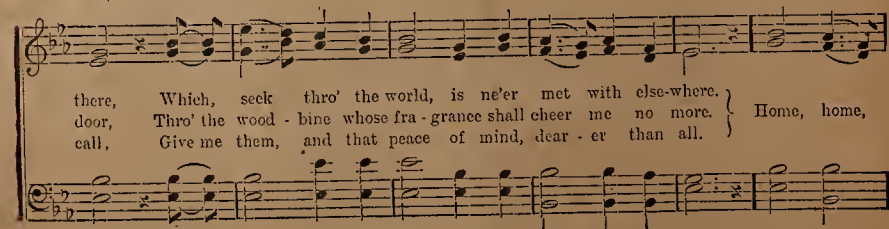


1. Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
 2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
 3. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my

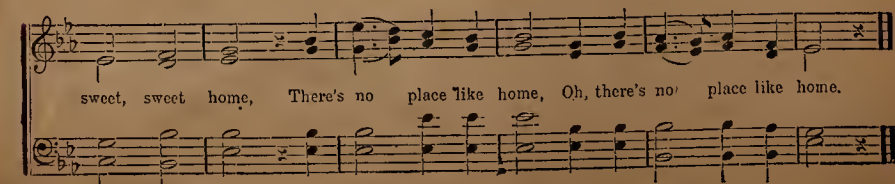


hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hál - low us
 moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage
 low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that came at my

REFRAIN.



there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
 door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no more. } Home, home,
 call, Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all.



sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

BONNIE LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE

CHARLES WALKER.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *f* *dim.*

1. Where ha'e ye been a' the day, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die? Saw ye him that's
 2. When he drew his gude braidsword, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die, Then he gave his
 3. Wea - ry fa the Law-land loon, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die, Wha took frae him the

p

far a - way, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die? On his head a bon - net blue,
 roy - al word, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die, That frae the field he ne'er would flee,
 Brit - ish crown, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die; But blessings on the kilt - ed Clans,

Bon - nie lad - die, Highland lad - die; Tar - tan plaid and High-land trew, Bon-nie lad - die,
 Bon - nie lad - die, Highland lad - die; But wi' his friends would live or dee, Bon-nie lad - die,
 Bon - nie lad - die, Highland lad - die, That fought for him at Pres - ton - pans, Bon-nie lad - die,

High-land lad - die!

f *dim.*

JUANITA

Andante.

mf SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moonslike these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beam ing

mf TENOR AND BASS.

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,

p slower. *ate mf*

Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone hy? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!

p tenderly, rit.

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger hy thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fairricle!

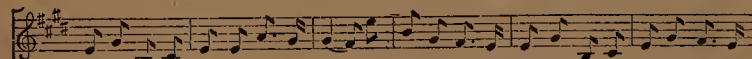
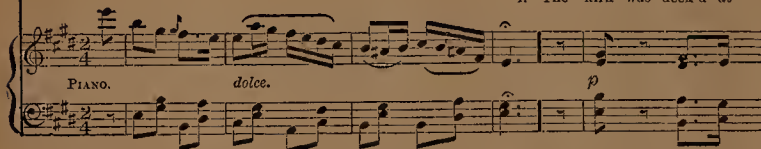
JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

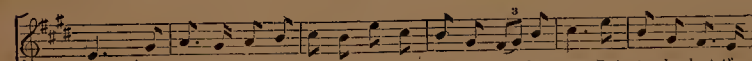
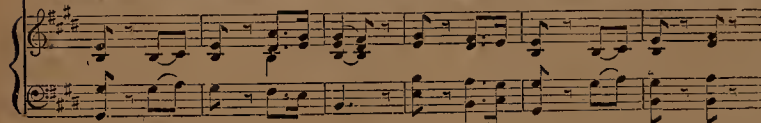
Andante moderato.



1. Why weep ye by the
2. Now let this wil - fu'
3. A chain o' gold ye
4. The kirk was deck'd at



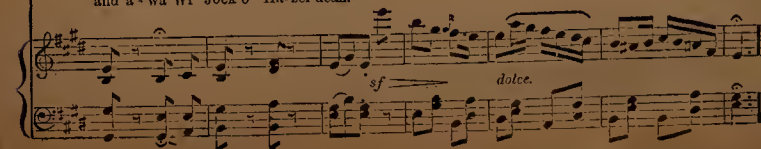
tide, ladye? Why weep ye by the tide? I'm wed ye to my youngest son, And ye shall be his
grief be done, And dry that cheek so pale, Young Frank is chief of Er-ring-ton, And lord of Lang-ley-
shall not lack, Nor braid to bind your hair, Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk, Nor palfrey fresh and
morning tide, The taper glimmer'd fair, The priest and bridegroom wait the bride, And dame and knight are



bride. And ye shall be his bride, la - dye, Sae comely to be seen—But aye she loot the
dale. His step is first in peace-ful ha', His sword in bat - tle keen—But aye she loot the
fair; And you, the foremost o' them a', Shall ride our for-est queen—But aye she loot the
there. They sought her baith by bower and h2', The la - dy was not seen; She's o'er the bor - der,



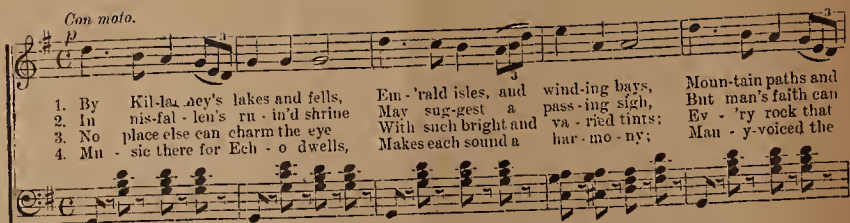
tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha-zel-dean.
tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha-zel-dean.
tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha-zel-dean.
and a - wa' Wi' Jock o' Ha-zel-dean.



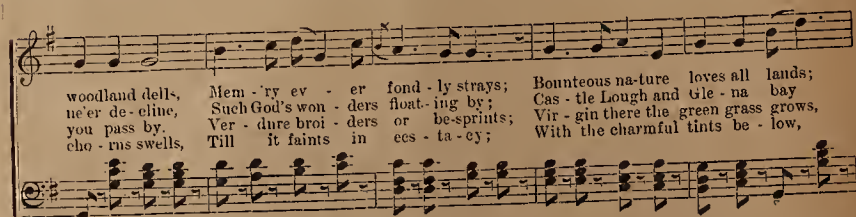
KILLARNEY.

BALFE.

Con moto.

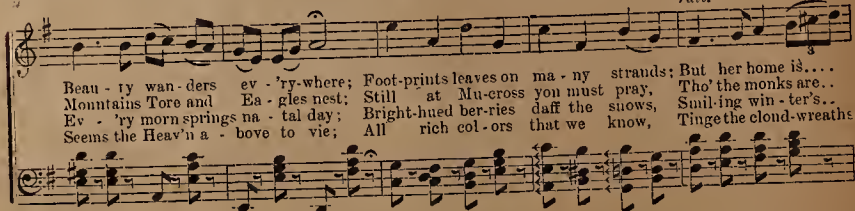


1. By Kil-lar-ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles, and wind-ing bays, Moun-tain paths and
2. In nis-fal - len's ru - in'd shrine May sug-gest a pass-ing sigh, But man's faith can
3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va - ried tints; Ev - 'ry rock that
4. Mu - sic there for Ech - o dwells, Makes each sound a har - mo - ny; Man - y-voiced the



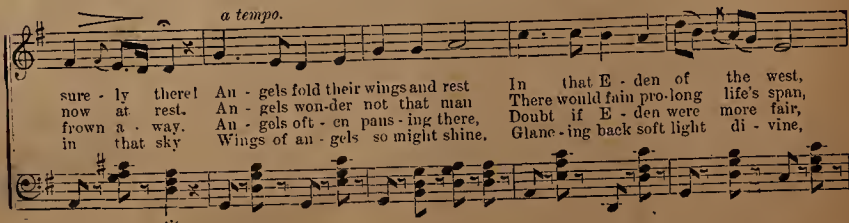
woodland dell, Mem - ry ev - er fond - ly strays; Bounteous na-ture loves all lands;
ne'er de-cline, Such God's won - ders float-ing by; Cas - tle Lough and Gle - na bay
you pass by, Ver - dure broi - ders or be-springs; Vir - gin there the green grass grows,
cho - rus swells, Till it faints in ees - ta - cy; With the charnful tints be - low,

rall.



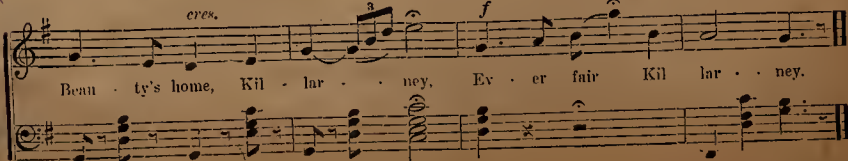
Beau - ty wan - ders ev - 'ry-where; Foot-prints leaves on ma - ny strauds; But her home is...
Mountains Tore and Ea - gles nest; Still at Mu-cross you must pray, Tho' the monks are..
Ev - 'ry morn springs na - tal day; Bright-hued ber-ries daff the snows, Snail-ing win - ter's..
Seems the Heav'n a - bove to vie; All rich col - ors that we know, Tinge the cloud-wreaths

a tempo.



sure - ly there! An - gels fold their wings and rest In that E - den of the west,
now at rest. An - gels won - der not that man There would fain pro-long life's span,
frown a - way. An - gels oft - en pans - ing there, Doubt if E - den were more fair,
in that sky Wings of an - gels so might shine. Glane-ing back soft light di - vine,

cres.



Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil lar - ney.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

SERENADE.

TENORS.

Dolce. p

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in you az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down you west - ern steep, Sink, sink in

BASSES.

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Words by Thomas Moore.

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom-ing a - lone; All her love-ly com-
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the love-ly are
3. So soon may I fol-low, When friend-ships de-cay, And from love's shin-ing

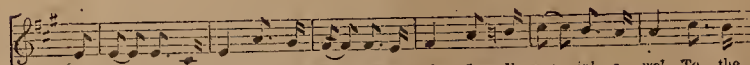
pan-ions Are fad-ed and gone; No flow-er of her kin-dred, No
sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kind-ly I scat-ter Thy
cir-cle The gems drop a-way; When true hearts lie with-ered, And

rose-bud is nigh, To re-lect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh
leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent-less and dead.
fond ones are flown, O, who would in-hab-it This bleak world a-lone.

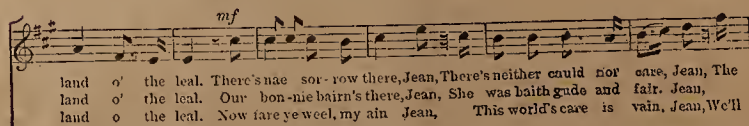
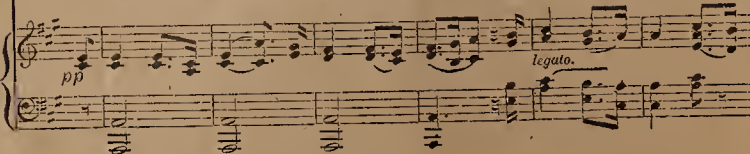
THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

LADY NAIRNE.

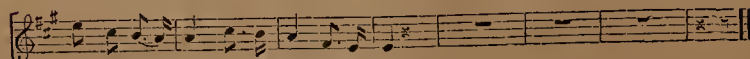
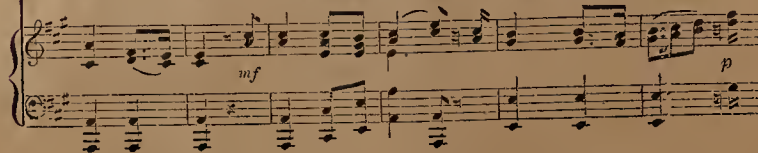
Adagio.



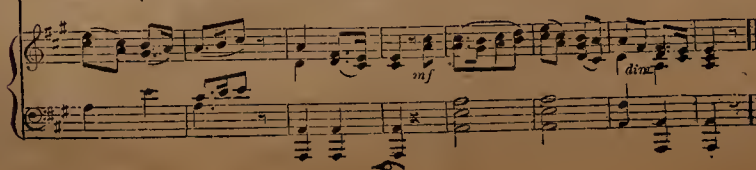
1. I'm wear-in' a - wa' Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear-in' a - wa' To the
2. Ye aye were leal and true, Jean, Your task's end-ed noo, Jean, And I'll wel-come you To the
3. Then dry that tear-ful' e'e, Jean, My soul lang's to be free, Jean, And angels wait on me To the



land o' the leal. There's nae sor-row there, Jean, There's neither could nor care, Jean, The
land o' the leal. Our bon-nie bairn's there, Jean, She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
land o the leal. Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean, This world's care is vain, Jean, We'll



ay is aye fair In the land o' the leal.
And we grudg'd her sair To the land o' the leal.
meet and aye be fain In the land o' the leal.

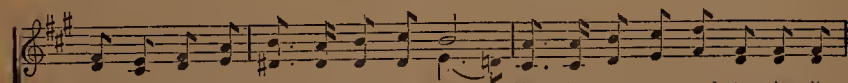
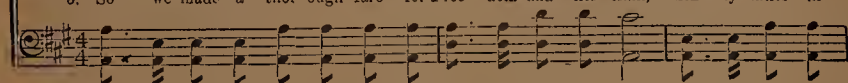


MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Words and music by Henry C. Work.



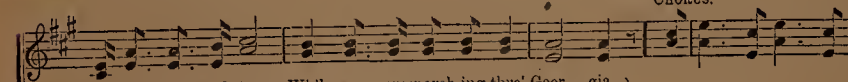
1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song - Sing it with a
2. How the dark - ies shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound! How the tur - keys
3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears, When they saw the
4. "Sher-man's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!" So the sau - cy
5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for Free - dom and her train, Six - ty miles in



spir - it that will start the world a - long - Sing it as we used to sing it,
 gob - bled which our com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven
 lion - ored flag they had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be restrained from
 reb - els said, and 'twas a hand - some boast, Had they not for - got, a - las! to
 lat - i - tude - three hun - dred to the main; Treason fled be - fore us, for re -

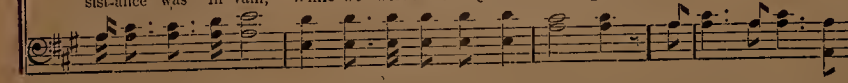


Chorus.

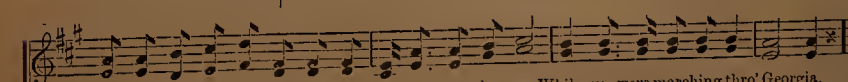
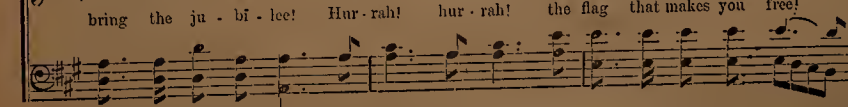


fif - ty thou - sand strong, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia.
 start - ed from the ground, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia.
 break - ing forth in cheers, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia.
 reck - on with the host, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia?
 sis - tance was in vain, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia.

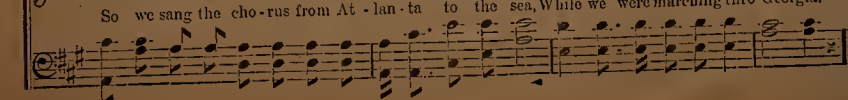
Hur - rah! hur - rah! we



bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!

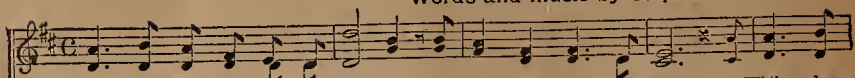


So we sang the cho - rus from At - lan - ta to the sea, While we were march - ing thro' Georgia.

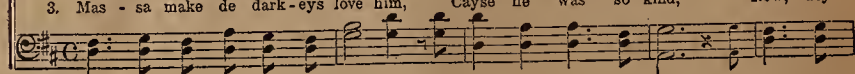
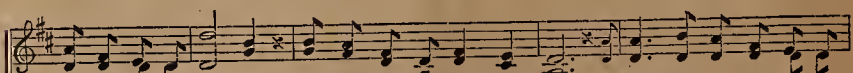


MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

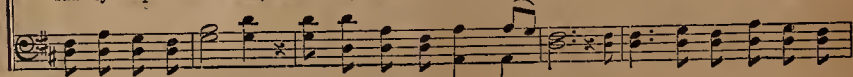
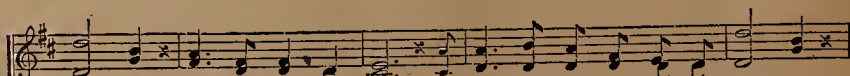
Words and music by Stephen O. Foster.



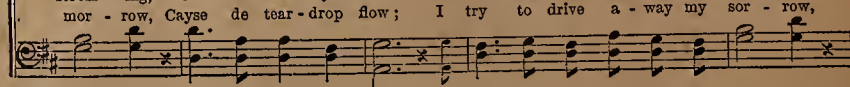
1. Round de mea-dows am a - ring - ing De dark - ey's mourn - ful song, While de
2. When de au - tumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to
3. Mas - sa make de dark - eys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now, dey

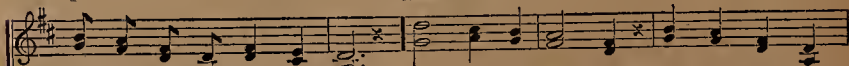
mock - ing bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a -
hear old mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or - ange trees am
sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourn - ing cayse he leave dem behind. I can - not work he - fore to -

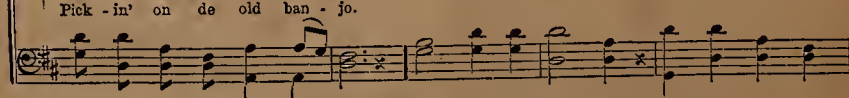
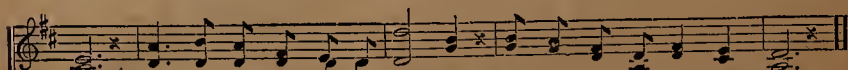
creep - ing, O'er de grass - y mound, Dare old mas - sa am a - sleep - ing,
bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore, Now de sum - mer days am com - ing,
mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow; I try to drive a - way my sor - row,



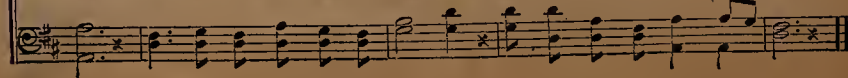
CHORUS.



Sleep - ing in de cold, cold ground. Down in de corn - field Hear dat mourn - ful
Mas - sa neb - ber calls no more.
Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.

sound; All de dark - eys am a - weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.



The Maple Leaf for ever.

1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt-less
 2. At Queens-ton Heights and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers,
 3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to
 4. On mer-ry Eng-land's far-famed land May kind Hea-ven

he-ro came, And plant-ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair do-
 side by side, For free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firmly stood and no-bly
 Noot-ka Sound; May peace for ev-er be our lot, And plen-teous store a-
 sweet-ly smile; God bless Old Scot-land ev-er more, And Ire-land's Em-er-sald

main. Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, And joined in love to-
 died: And those dear rights which they main-tained, We swear to yield them
 bound: And may those ties of love be ours Which dis-cord can-not
 Isiel! Then swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and for-est

gether, The This-tle, Shamrock, Ross en-twine The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 never! Our watchword ev-er more shall be, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 sever. And flour-ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 quiver God save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

CHORUS.

1. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God
 2. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God
 3. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! And
 4. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God

save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 flour-ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 flour-ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
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save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 flour-ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
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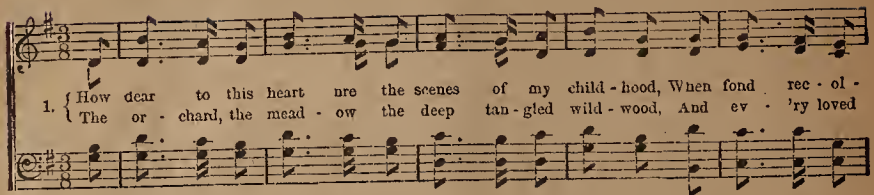
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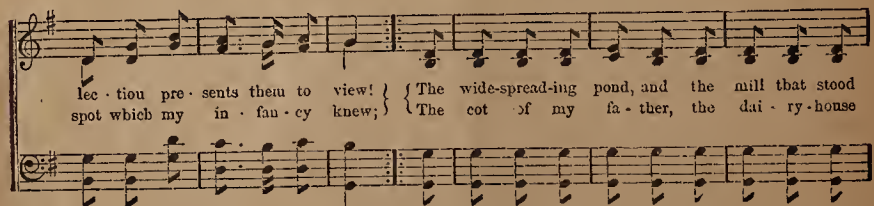
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 save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

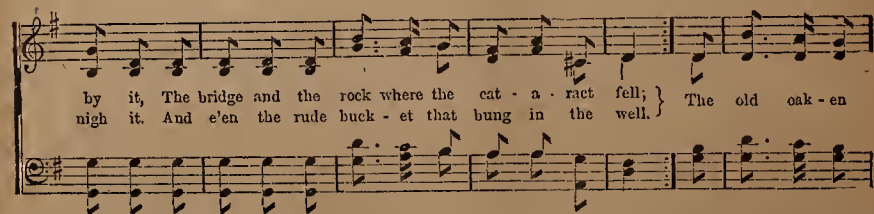
Samuel Woodworth.



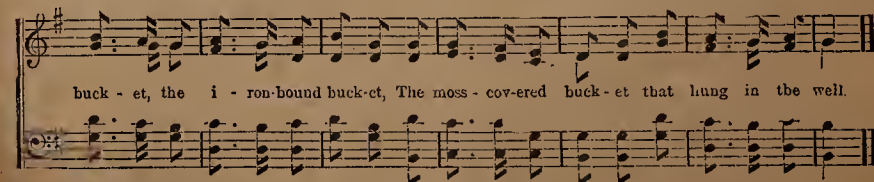
1. { How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-
The or- chard, the mead- ow the deep tan- gled wild- wood, And ev- 'ry loved



lec- tion pre- sents them to view! { The wide-spread- ing pond, and the mill that stood
spot which my in- fan- cy knew; } The cot of my fa- ther, the dai- ry- house



by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat- a- ract fell; } The old oak- en
nigh it. And e'en the rude buck- et that bung in the well. }



buck- et, the i- ron-bound buck- et, The moss- cov- ered buck- et that hung in the well.

2 The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing.
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing.
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sip
And uow, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

OLD BLACK JOE.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco adagio

VOICE

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay. Gone are my friends from the
2. Why should I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear that I

PIANO

cot - ton fields a - way. Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know. I
 friends come not a - gain. Grie - ving for forms now de - part - ed long a - go? I
 held up - on my knee. Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go. I

hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing - Old Black Joe Chorus

I'm com - ing. I'm com - ing. For my

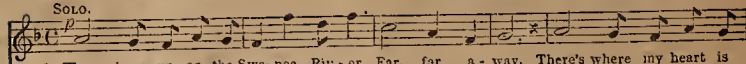
head is bend - ing low; I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing - Old Black Joe."

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Melody by S. C. Foster.

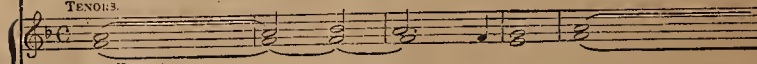
Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.

SOLO.



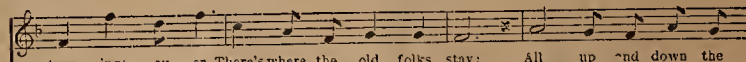
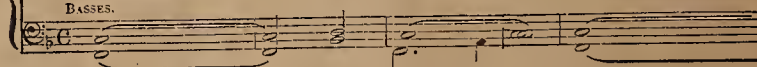
1. Way down up-on the Swa-nee Riv-er, Far, far a-way, There's where my heart is
2. One lit-tle hut a-mong the bush-es, One that I love, Still sad-ly to my

CHORUS
TENORS.

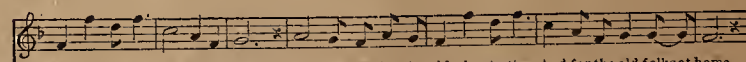
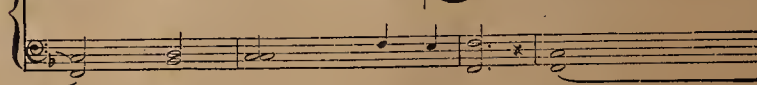


pp Humming.

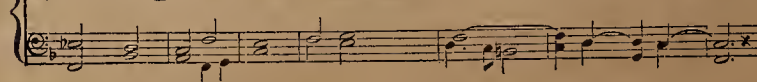
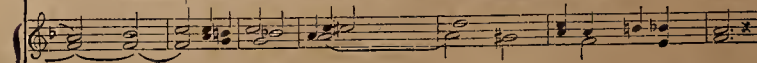
BASSES.



turn-ing ev-er, There's where the old folks stay; All up-and down the
mem-ory rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove. When shall I see the



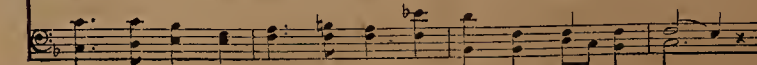
whole cre-a-tion, Sad-ly I roam, Still long-ing for the old plen-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home.
bees a-humming, All round the comb? When shall I hear the ban-jo thrumming, Down in my good old home?



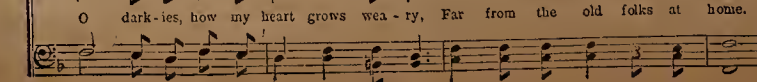
CHORUS.



All the world am dark and drear-y, Ev-ry-where I roam,

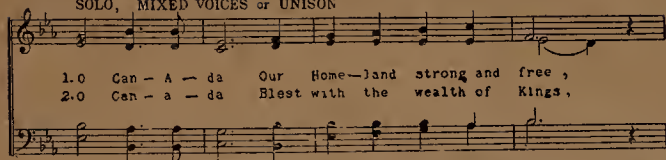


O dark-ies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from the old folks at home.

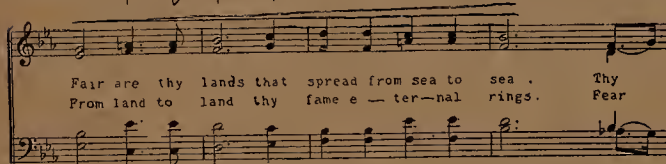


Written by Robert Todd. **O CANADA!** Melody by C LAVALLEE.

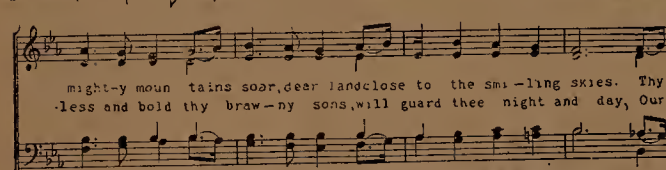
SOLO, MIXED VOICES or UNISON



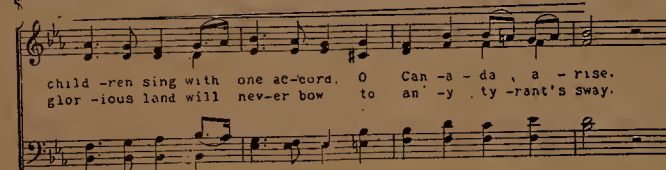
1. O Can - a - da Our Home-land strong and free ,
2. O Can - a - da Blest with the wealth of Kings ,



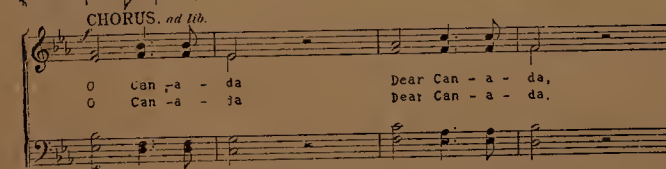
Fair are thy lands that spread from sea to sea . Thy
From land to land thy fame e - ter - nal rings. Fear



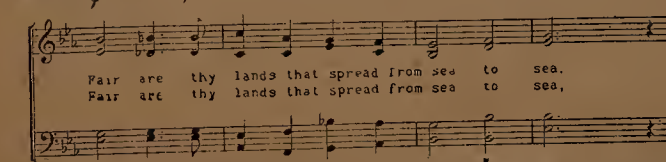
might-y moun tains soar, dear land close to the smi - ling skies. Thy
-less and bold thy brow - ny sons, will guard thee night and day, Our



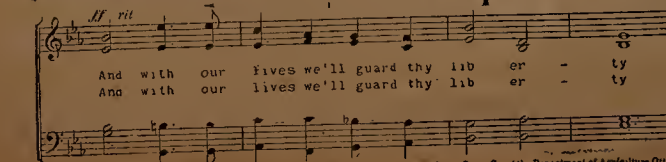
child - ren sing with one ac - cord, O Can - a - da , a - rise.
glor - ious land will nev - er bow to an - y . ty - rant's sway.



CHORUS. *ad lib.*
O Can - a - da Dear Can - a - da,
O Can - a - da Dear Can - a - da,



Fair are thy lands that spread from sea to sea.
Fair are thy lands that spread from sea to sea,



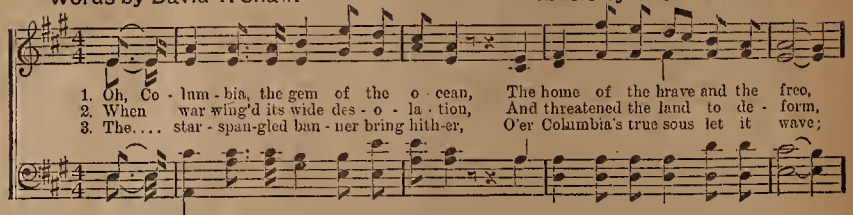
ff rit
And with our lives we'll guard thy lib er - ty
And with our lives we'll guard thy lib er - ty

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1909 by A. Cox & Co. at the Department of Agriculture Ottawa.

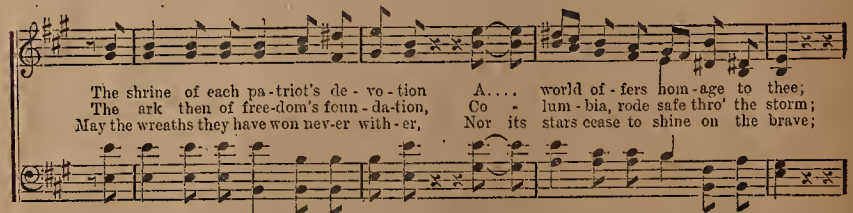
THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

Words by David T. Shaw.

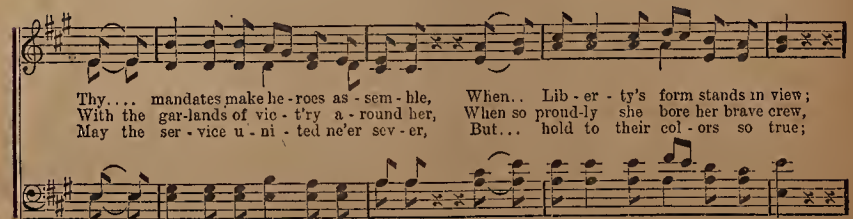
Music by Thomas à Becket.



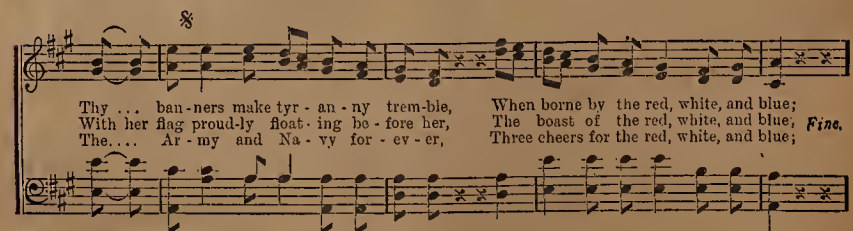
1. Oh, Co - lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the free,
2. When war wing'd its wide des - o - la - tion, And threatened the land to de - form,
3. The... star - span-gled ban - ner bring hith-er, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;



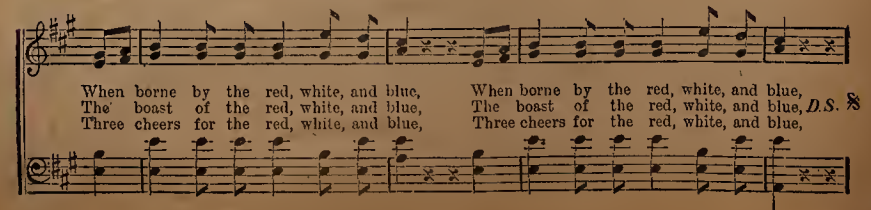
The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion A... world of - fers hom - age to thee;
The ark then of free-dom's foun - da - tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm;
May the wreaths they have won nev - er with - er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave;



Thy... mandates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When... Lib - er - ty's form stands in view;
With the gar - lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew,
May the ser - vice u - ni - ted nev - er sev - er, But... hold to their col - ors so true;



Thy... ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue;
With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue;
The... Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue; *Fine.*



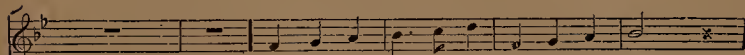
When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue,
The boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue, *D.S. 8*
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,

ROBIN ADAIR.

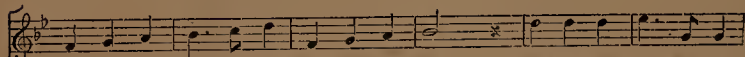
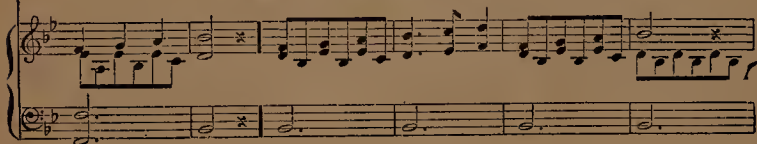
BURKS.

Irish and Scotch form of Melody.

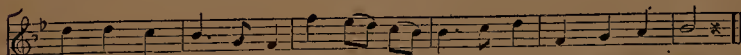
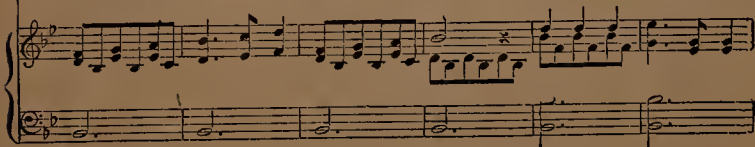
Andante.



1. What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's not near.
2. What made th'as-sem - bly shine? Ro - bin A - dair.
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro - bin A - dair.



What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear? Where all the joy and mirth
 What made the ball so fine? Ro - bin was there. What when the play was o'er,
 But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro - bin A - dair. Yet he I lov'd so well



Made this town heav'n on earth? Oh, they're all fled with thee, Ro - bin A - dair.
 What made my heart so sore? Oh, it was part - ing with Ro - bin A - dair.
 Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh; I can ne'er for - get Ro - bin A - dair.



SCOTS, WHA HAE W' WALLACE BLED

BURNS.

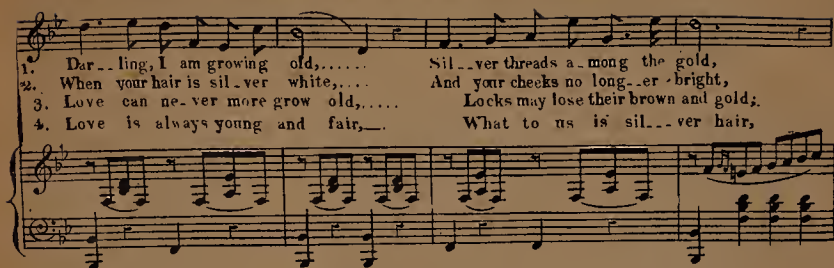
Andante moderato.

1. Scots, wha hae w' Wal-lace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has af-ten led, Wel-come to your
a trai-tor knave? Wha would fill a cow-ard's grave? Wha sae base as
3. By op-pres-sion's woes an' pains, By yoursons in ser-vile chains, We will drain our

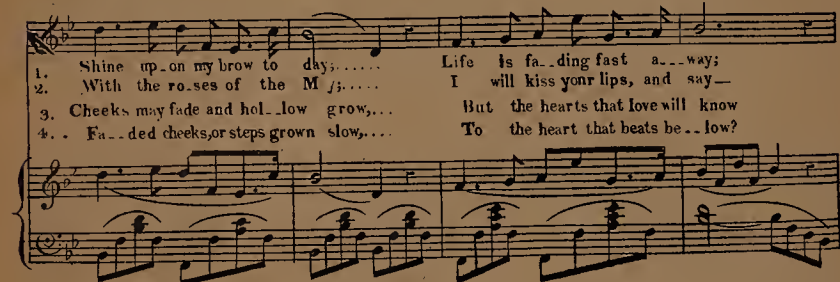
go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-rie! Now's the day an now's the hour.
be a slave? Let him turn and flee! Wha, for Scot-land's king an' law,
dear-est veins, But they shall be free. Lay the proud u-surp-ers low!

See the front of bat-tle lour; See approach proud Edward's pow'r. Chains and sla-ve-rie!
Freedom's sword would strongly draw, Free-man stand, and free-man fa', Let him on w' mal
Ty-rants fall in ev-eryfoe! Lib-er-ty's in ev-ery blow! Let us do or dee!

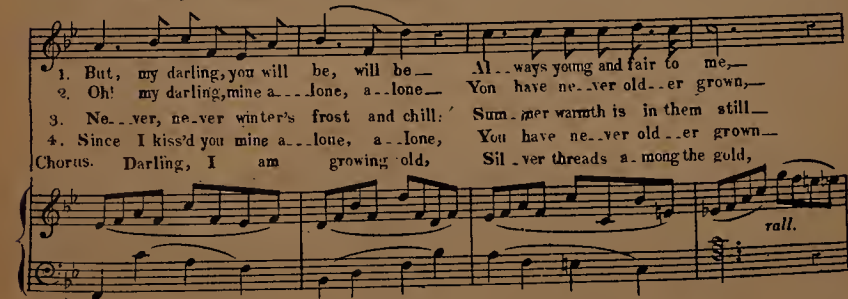
SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.



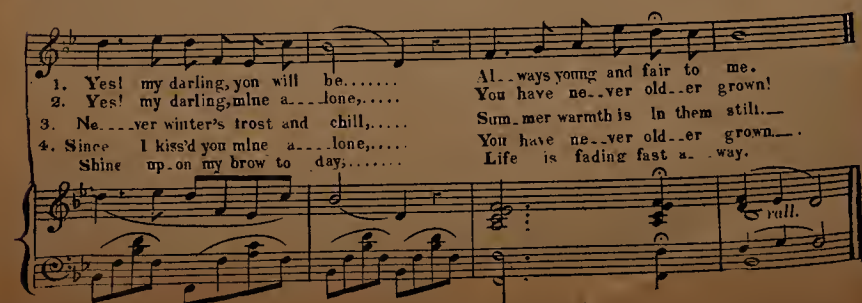
1. Dar.. ling, I am growing old,..... Sil.. ver threads a.. mong the gold,
 2. When your hair is sil.. ver white,.... And your cheeks no long.. er bright,
 3. Love can ne.. ver more grow old,.... Locks may lose their brown and gold;
 4. Love is always young and fair,.... What to us is sil... ver hair,



1. Shine up on my brow to day,.... Life is fa.. ding fast a... way;
 2. With the ro.. ses of the M... I will kiss your lips, and say—
 3. Cheeks may fade and hol.. low grow,.... But the hearts that love will know
 4. Fa.. ded cheeks, or steps grown slow,.... To the heart that beats be.. low?



1. But, my darling, you will be, will be— Al.. ways young and fair to me,—
 2. Oh! my darling, mine a... lone, a... lone— You have ne.. ver old.. er grown,—
 3. Ne... ver, ne.. ver winter's frost and chill: Sum.. mer warmth is in them still—
 4. Since I kiss'd you mine a... lone, a... lone, You have ne.. ver old.. er grown—
 Chorus. Darling, I am growing old, Sil.. ver threads a.. mong the gold,
 rall.



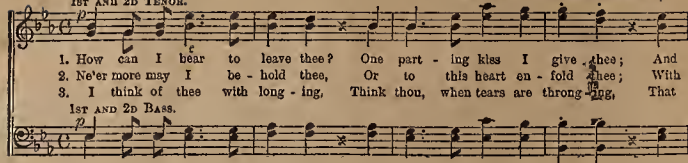
1. Yes! my darling, you will be..... Al.. ways young and fair to me.
 2. Yes! my darling, mine a... lone,.... You have ne.. ver old.. er grown!
 3. Ne... ver winter's frost and chill,.... Sum.. mer warmth is in them still.—
 4. Since I kiss'd you mine a... lone,.... You have ne.. ver old.. er grown.—
 Shine up on my brow to day,.... Life is fading fast a.. way.
 rall.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

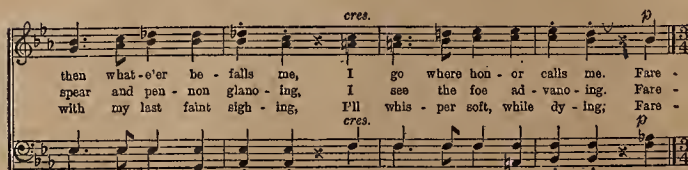
Andante.

1st AND 2d TENOR.

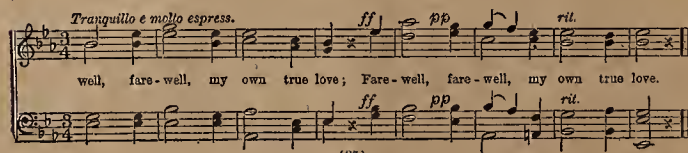
Music by Johanna Kinkie.



1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee; And
2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng - ing, That



then what-e'er be - falls me, I go where bon - or calls me. Fare -
spear and pen - non glo - ing, I see the foe ad - vano - ing. Fare -
with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft, while dy - ing; Fare -



well, fare - well, my own true love; Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

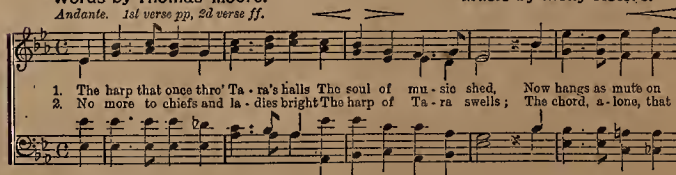
(85)

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

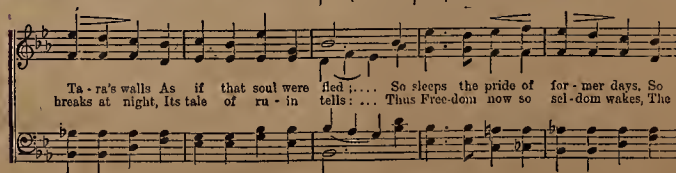
Words by Thomas Moore.

Music by Molly Astore.

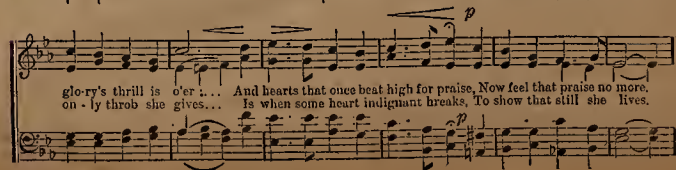
Andante. 1st verse *pp*, 2d verse *ff*.



1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's Halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord, a - lone, that



Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled; ... So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So
breaks at night, its tale of ru - in tells: ... Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The



glo - ry's thrill is o'er ... And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that praise no more,
on - ly throb she gives ... Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives.

SWEET AND LOW.

Alfred Tennyson.

J. Barnby.

Larghetto.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . . Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . . Rest, rest on

TENOR AND BASS.

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his
breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . . O - - ver the
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . . Fa - - ther will
O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his
O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

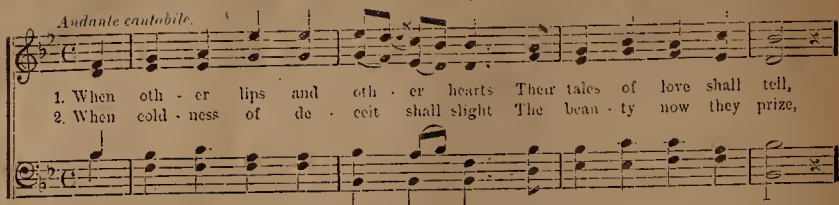
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails all out of the west,
wa - ters go. Come . . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon . . . and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,
wa - ters go, Come . . . from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails out of the west,

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . .
moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . .
rall e dim.

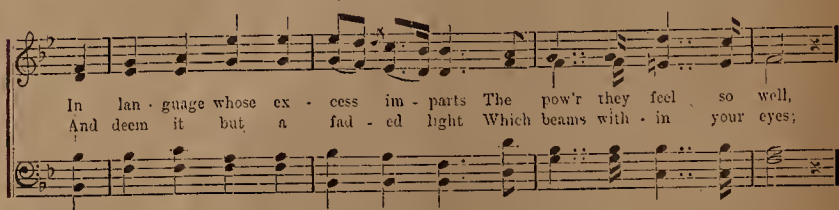
THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

Words and music by M. W. Balfe.

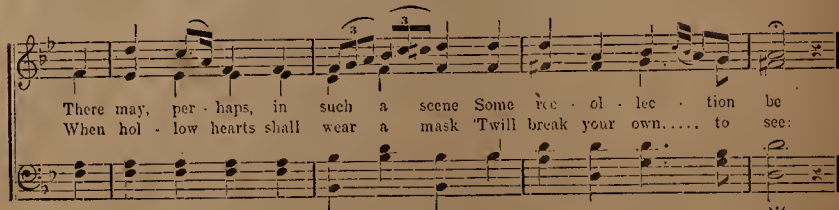
Andante cantabile.



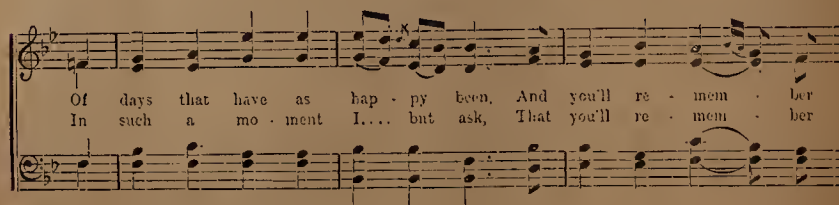
1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell,
2. When cold - ness of de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they prize,



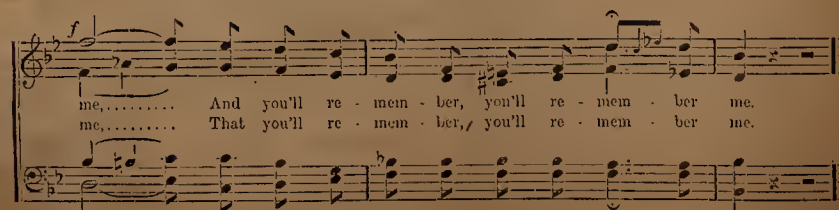
In lan - guage whose ex - cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so well,
And deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams with - in your eyes;



There may, per - haps, in such a scene Some re - col - lec - tion be
When hol - low hearts shall wear a mask 'Twill break your own.... to see:



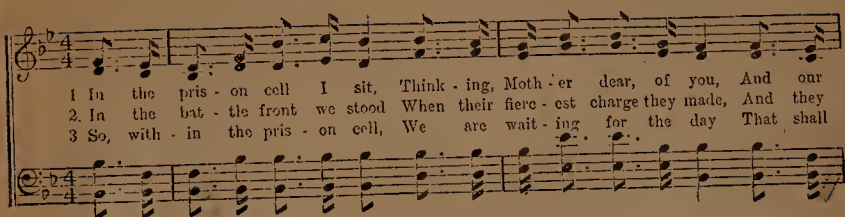
Of days that have as hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber
In such a mo - ment I.... but ask, That you'll re - mem - ber



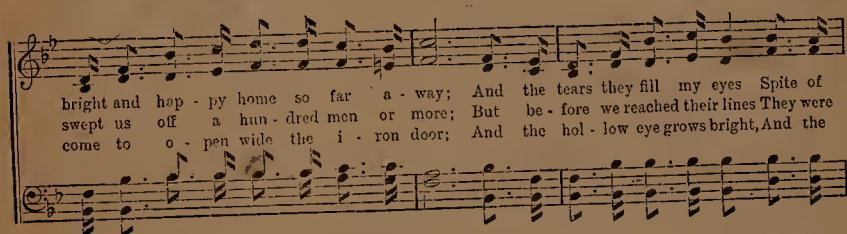
me,..... And you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.
me,..... That you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

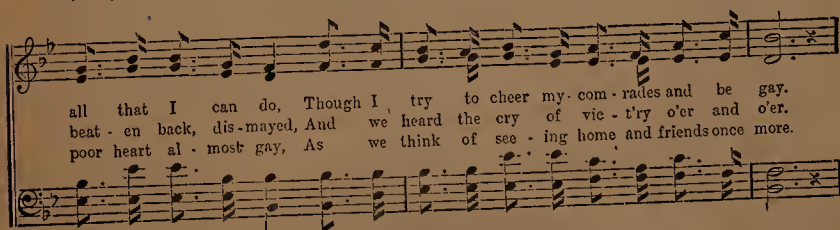
Words and music by Geo. F. Root.



1 In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear, of you, And our
2 In the bat - tle front we stood When their fier - est charge they made, And they
3 So, with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day That shall

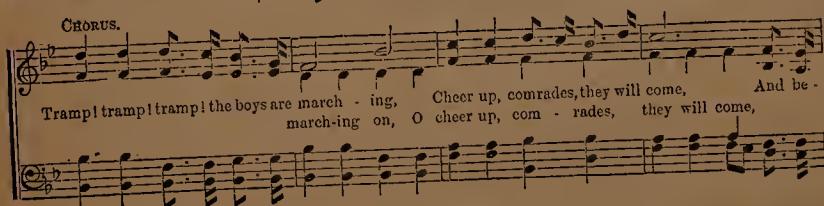


bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the

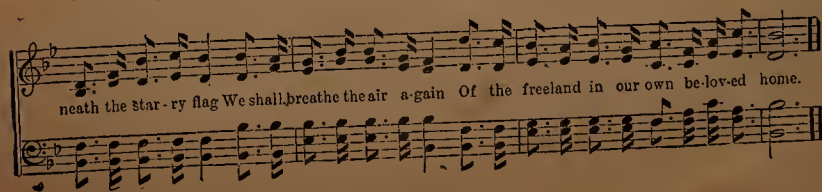


all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
beat - en back, dis - mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.

CHORUS.



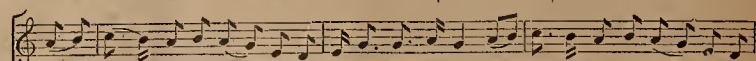
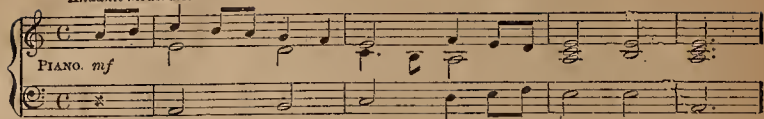
Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be -
march - ing on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come,



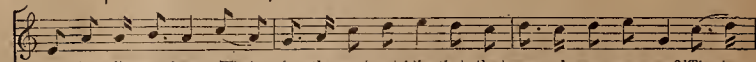
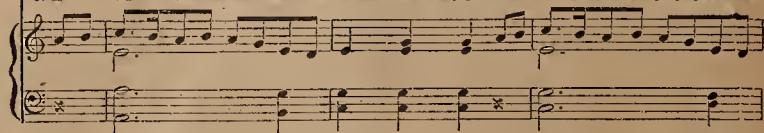
neath the star - ry flag We shall breathe the air a - gain Of the freeland in our own be - lov - ed home.

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

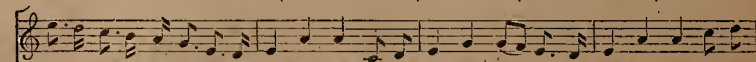
JAMES HOGG.
Andante moderato.



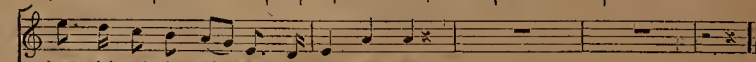
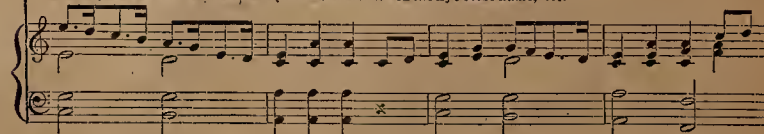
1. Come all ye jol-ly shep-herds that whis-tle thro' the glen, I'll tell ye o' a sō - cret that
2. 'Tis not be-neath the bur-go-net, nor yet be-neath the crown, 'Tis not on couch of vel - vet, nor
3. Then the eye shiness ae bright-ly the hale soul to be-guile, There's love in ev-'ry whis-per and
4. See yon-der paw-ky shep-herd that hin-gers on the hill - His yowes are in the fault, and his
5. A - wa' wi' fame and for-tune - what comfort can they g'e? And a' the arts that prey up-on man's



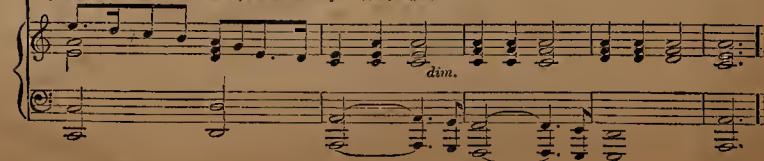
court-tiers din-na ken; What is the great-est bliss that the tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to
yet on bed of down; 'Tis be-neath the sprenging birch, in the dell with-out a name, Wi' a
joy in ev-'ry smile; O! wha would choose a crown wi' its per-ils and its fame, And
laubs are ly-ing still; But he dow-na gang to rest, for his heart is in a flame To
life and lib-er-tie? Gi'e me the high-est joy that the heart o' man can frame, My



woo a bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame, 'Tween the
bon-nie, bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, etc.
miss a bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame? When the kye come hame, etc.
weet his bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, etc.
bon-nie, bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, etc.



gloom-in' and the mürk, When the kye come hame.



WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN.

T. D'URFEY.
Moderato.

1. 'Twas within a mile of
2. Jockie was a wag that
3. But when he vow'd he wad

PIANO. *f*

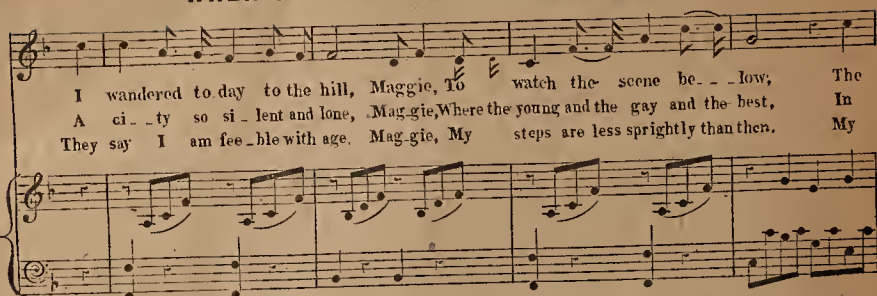
le - in - bu - rgh town, In the ro - sy time of the year. Sweet flow - ers bloom'd and the
nev - er wad wed, Though lang he had fol - lowed the lass; Con - tent - ed she earned and
make her his bride, Though his flocks and herds were not few, She gie'd him her hand and a

grass was down, And each shepherd woo'd his dear. Bon - nie Jock - ie, blythe and gay,
ate her brown bread, And merrily turned up the grass. Bon - nie Jock - ie, blythe and free,
kiss her side, And vow'd she'd for ever be true. Bon - nie Jock - ie, blythe and free,

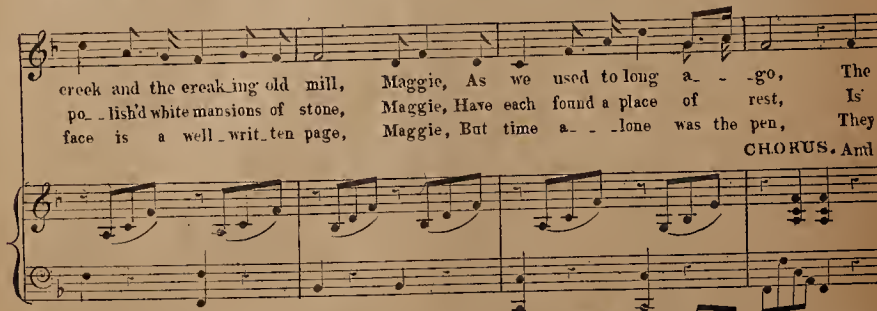
Kiss'd young Jen - ny mak - ing hay; The las - sie blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win - na do; I
Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried: "Na, na, it win - na do; I
Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; At kirk she no more frowning cried: "Na, na, it win - na do; I

can - na, can - na, win - na, win - na, maun - na buck - le to."

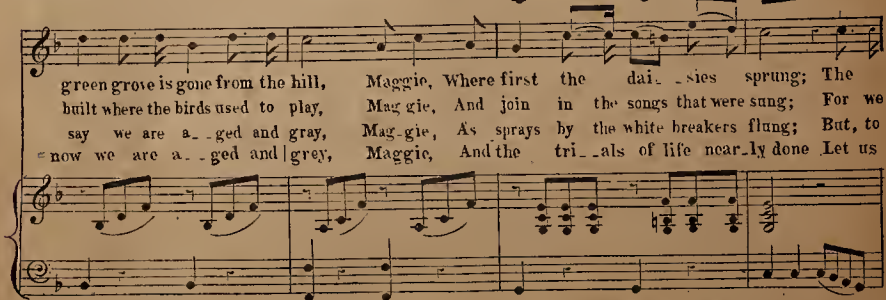
WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE.



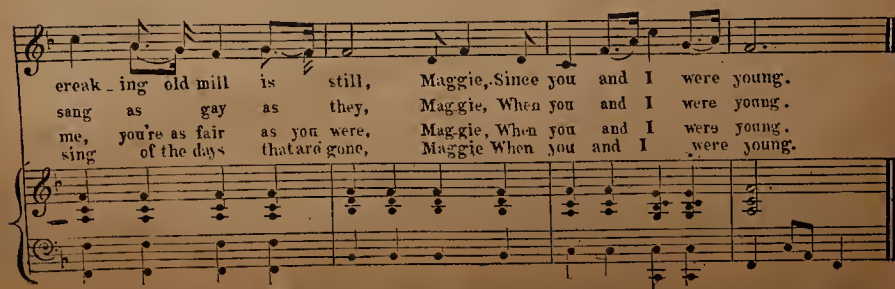
I wandered to day to the hill, Maggie, To watch the scene be - low, The
A ci - ty so si - lent and lone, Mag gie, Where the young and the gay and the best, In
They say I am fee - ble with age. Mag gie, My steps are less sprightly than then. My



creek and the ereaking old mill, Maggie, As we used to long a - go, The
po - lish'd white mansions of stone, Mag gie, Have each found a place of rest, Is
face is a well - writ - ten page, Mag gie, But time a - lone was the pen, They
CHORUS. And



green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, Where first the dai - sies sprung; The
built where the birds used to play, Mag gie, And join in the songs that were sung; For we
say we are a - ged and gray, Mag gie, As sprays by the white breakers flung; But, to
now we are a - ged and grey, Mag gie, And the tri - als of life near - ly done Let us



ereak - ing old mill is still, Maggie, Since you and I were young.
sang as gay as they, Mag gie, When you and I were young.
me, you're as fair as you were, Mag gie, When you and I were young.
sing of the days that are gone, Mag gie When you and I were young.

HUNTINGTOWER; OR "WHEN YE GANG AWA, JAMIE."

Andantino.
PIANO. p dolce.

1. JEANIE. When ye gang a - wa, Ja - mie, Far a - cross the sea, laddie,
 2. JAMIE. I'll send ye a braw new gown, Jea - nie, The braw - est in the town, las - sie, And
 3. JEANIE. That's nae gift a - va, Ja - mie, Silk and gowd and a', laddie, There's
 4. JAMIE. When I come back a - gain, Jea - nie, Frae a for - eign land, lassie, I'll

When ye gang to Ger - ma - nie, What will ye send to me, lad - die?
 it shall be o' silk and gowd, Wi' Val - en - ciennes set round, las - sie.
 ne'er a gown in a' the land I'd like when ye're a - wa, lad - die.
 bring wi' me a gal - lant gay, To be your ain gude - man, las - sie.

JEANIE. Be my gudeman yoursel', Jamie,
 Marry me yoursel', laddie,
 And tak' me ower to Germanie,
 Wi' you, at hame to dwell, laddie.

JAMIE. I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,
 I dinna see how that can be, lassie,
 For I've a wife and bairnies three,
 And I'm no sure how ye'd agree, lassie.

JEANIE. Ye should hae felt me that in time, Jamie,
 Ye should hae felt me that langsyne, laddie,
 For had I kent o' your fause heart,
 Ye ne'er had gotten mine, laddie.

JAMIE. Your een were like a spell, Jennie,
 Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,
 That ilka day bewitch'd me sae,
 I couldna help mysel', lassie.

JEANIE. Gae hack to your wife and hame, Jamie,
 Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie,
 And I will pray they ne'er may thole
 A broken heart like me, laddie.

JAMIE. Dry that tearfu' e'e, Jeanie,
 Grieve nae mair for me, lassie,
 I've neither wife nor bairnies three,
 And I'll wed nae but thee, lassie.

JEANIE. Think weel, for fear you rue, Jamie,
 Ye'll no get ane mair true, laddie;
 But I have neither gowd nor lands,
 To be a match for you, laddie.

JAMIE. Blair in Athol's mine, lassie,
 Fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie
 Saint Johnstoun's bower, and Huntingtower,
 And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNY DOON.

BURNS.

Andante cantabile.

1. Ye banks and braes o'
2. Oft has I rov'd by

PIANO. D

mf *p*

bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt, ye
bon - nie Doon, By morn - ing and by even - ing shine To hear the birds sing

lit - tle birds, And I'm sae wea - ry fu' o' care? Ye'll break my heart, ye
o' their loves As fond - ly once I sang o' mine. Wi' light - some heart I

mf

war - bling bird, That war - bles on the flow - 'ry thorn, Ye mind me o' de -
stretch'd my hand, And pu'd a rose - bud from the tree; But my fause lov - er

p dolce.

part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn.
stole the rose, And left the thorn, the thorn wi' me.

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